

Here is a beautiful little hymn, full of genuine pathos and earnest truth, and admirably picturing the present state of Nature.

## OCTOBER A WOOD HYMN.

BY CAROLINE A. BRIDGES.

My soul has grown too great to-day  
To utter all it would,  
Oh! these prevailing winds of clay!  
When will my spirit learn to say,  
Unfettered, all it should!

I'm out in the free wood once more,  
With whispering boughs o'erhead;  
Strange influences round me steal,  
And yet, what do I feel  
Must ever be unaltered!

These glowing, glowing autumn hours!  
This dainty show of painted flowers,  
As though with daffodils, golden showers  
The air were all ablaze.

This living, shining, varnished wood,  
Tricked with a thousand dyes,  
The strings she bowed with crimson sheen,  
And decked with gold and glittering green,  
Lure kindly temptations!

This tangled roof of bearded light  
Above me richly hung,  
These glimmers of the day's soft light  
This gleaming sunshine melting through  
This wide Earth, glory hued!

How shall I utter all I would!  
Alas! my struggling soul—  
As strives to grasp these glorious things  
As strives a bird on broken wings  
To struggle to its goal.

## Miscellaneous.

## TRUE BENEVOLENCE, OR,

"It is better to Give than to Receive."

"And you strip yourself of comfort, for the sake of adding to this rich merchant's gains!"

The widow replied with a flushed cheek,

"It may seem a light thing to you, but the thought that I am slowly wiping every stain from my husband's honor, is my greatest earthly comfort. Mr. Miner is my last creditor, and God willing, every cent shall be paid."

Her comely relative responded with an emphatic "Hiddest," and angrily left her presence.

"At last I have it," said a silvery voice, and a sweet face, glad and brilliant, brightened up the gloom.

"Oh see mother! ten dollars, all my own; ten more make twenty; so we shall have a nice little sum for Mr. Miner."

Tears trembled on the widow's lashes, and glistened on her pale cheek.

"Is it to be the price of thy life, my precious one!" she thought.

"Is the cancer worm at the heart of my beautiful flower! Must I give thee up to weary toil, a sacrifice upon the altar of duty! Can it be that God requires it!"

Eva knelt at her mother's feet, where she had fallen with the abandon of a child, her glance fastened to the shining gold.

Lifting her glance she met that of her mother, full of anxiety, touched with sorrow. A sudden smile broke over her delicate features.

"It was only thinking of the endless times this money would buy—don't look so grave, mamma; such a beautiful of a warm shawl for you, and a neat crimson cover for that untidy arm chair; a bit over so little of carpet, to put down by the bed; that your feet need not feel this cold floor; a pretty cap, besides coal, and tea, and sugar, and such nice comfortable things. But never mind,"—and she sprang to her feet, brushed back her brown curls, and drew on her neat little bonnet—"never mind, I'll maybe write a book one of these days, that'll make you and I rich. And, dear mother, you shall ride in your own carriage, and maybe those that scorn us now, only because we are poor, may be thankful for our notice. A true romance, she gravely continued; "I really tell me to go directly up to Madison street, find Mr. Miner, give him this twenty dollars, take a receipt, and then come home and read and sing to my mother."

Hurriedly Eva passed from her house along the narrow streets. As she went onward, street after street diverged into pleasant width and palace-lined splendor. The houses of greatness and wealth glittered in their marble beauty under the golden sunlight. Up broad steps, through portals carved and shining, passed the timid steps of Eva Sterne.

At first the pompous servant smiled a contemptuous denial; but after a moment, perhaps softened by her childish simplicity and winning, blue eyes, deemed it best not to deny her urgency, and she entered this palace of a rich man's home.

Softly her feet sank in the luxurious hall carpet; stately in bronze and marble lined all the way to the staircase. The splendor of the room into which she was ushered, seemed to her inexperienced sight too beautiful for actual use, and he who came in with his kindly glance and handsome face, the noblest perfection of manhood she had ever seen.

"Well young lady he said blandly smiling, 'to whom am I indebted for this pleasure?'"

"My father, sir, in your debt," said Eva blushing, speaking very softly.

"By the strictest economy and very hard work, we, my mother and I, have been able to pay all his creditors but yourself. If you will be kind enough to receive the balance of your account in small sums—I am sorry they must be small, sir—we can in the course of a very few years fully liquidate the debt, and then we shall have fulfilled my father's dying wish, that every stain might be wiped from his honor."

She paused a moment, and said again falteringly, "My father was very unfortunate, sir, and broken in health for many years, but, sir, he was honorable, he would have paid the last cent if it had left him a beggar."

Mr. Miner sat awhile thoughtfully, his dark eyes fastened upon the gentle face before him. After a moment of silence, he raised his head, threw back the mass of curling hair, that shadowed his handsome brow, he said:

"I remember your father well; I regretted his death. He was a fine fellow—a fine fellow," he added musingly; "but, my dear young lady have you the means—do you not embarrass yourself by making these payments?"

Eva blushed again, and looking up indignantly replied, "I am obliged to work, sir, but no labor would be too arduous that might save the memory of such a father from disgrace."

This she spoke with deep emotion. The rich man turned with a choking in his throat, and tears glistened on his lashes. Eva timidly held out the two gold pieces; he took them and bidding her stay a moment, hastily left the room.

Almost immediately returning, he handed her a sealed note saying, "There is the receipt, young lady, and allow me to add, that the mother of such a child must be a happy woman. The whole debt, I find, is nine hundred and seventy five dollars. You will see by my note what arrangements I have made, and I hope they will be satisfactory."

Large feet are apt to send the toe up in the air while walking, in most unseemly wise. They cannot

"Be so footlingly, Oversteering time and time."

On the contrary they are apt to lag behind the measure, like the laugh of a dillard behind a joke.

No man requiring speed would send a large footed messenger, because of the delay occasioned by the difficulty such persons find in overcoming so much force of gravity; therefore "foot hot" was a goodly phrase of the old times to signify speed and Mercury is well symbolized with wings upon his feet. Indeed, as the form of the foot fixes the destiny of the animal, the size of the foot is a fair index to the character.

We do not like a foot too small, for the height any more than we like one too large.

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Eva left him with a lighter heart, and a burning cheek at his praise. His manner was gentle, so fatherly that she felt he would not impose hard conditions, and it would be a pleasure to pay one so kind and forbearing.

At last she got home, and breathlessly sitting down at her mother's feet, she opened her letter. Wonder of wonder—a bank note enclosed; she held it without speaking, or looking at its value.

"Read it," she said, after a moment's bewilderment, placing the letter in her mother's hand—"here are fifty dollars; what can it mean?"

"This," said the sick woman, bursting into tears, "is a receipt in full, releasing you from the payment of your father's debt—Kind generous man—Heaven will bless him—God will shower mercy upon him—From a grateful heart I call upon the Father to reward him for this act of kindness. Oh! what shall we say, what shall we do to thank him?"

"Mother," said Eva, smiling through her tears, "I felt as if he was an angel of goodness. Oh, they do wrong, who say that old men are wealthy have hard hearts. Mother, can it be possible we are so rich! I wish I knew how very happy he had made us, how much we will love and reverence him whenever he spoke or speak of him, or even hear him spoken of?"

"He has bound two hearts to him forever," murmured her mother.

"Yes, dear Mr. Miner! little he thought how many comforts we wanted. Now we need not stint the fire; we may buy coal, and have one cheerful blaze, please God. And the tea, the strip of carpet, the sugar, the little luxuries for you, dear mother; and the time, and a very few books for myself. I declare I'm so thankful, I feel as if I ought to go right back and tell him that I shall love him so long as we live."

That evening the grate, heaped with Lehigh, gave the little room an air of ruddy comfort. Eva sat near, her curls bowed softly back from her pure forehead, inditing a touching letter to her benefactor. Her mother's face, lighted with the loss of a caring care, shone with a pearly smile, and her every thought was a prayer calling down blessings upon the good rich man.

In another room, far different from the widow's home, but also bright with the blaze of a genial fire, whose red light made richer the polish of its costly furniture, sat the noble merchant.

"Pa, what makes you look so happy?" said Lina, a beautiful girl passing her smooth hand over his brow.

"Don't I look happy, my little Lina?"

"Yes, but you look sluttish your eyes and smiling—so," and her bright face reflected his own. "I think you've had something very nice to do; what was it?"

"Does my little daughter really want to know what has made her father so happy? Here is my bible; let her turn to the Acts of the Apostles 20th chapter, 35th verse, and read it carefully."

The beautiful child turned reverently the pages of the holy book, and as she read, she looked up in her father's eyes—

"And to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

"Ah! I know," she said, laying her rosy cheek upon his hand; you have been giving something to some poor beggar, as you did last week, and he thanked you, and said, 'God bless you,' and that's what makes you happy."

Lina read a confirmation in her father's smile—but he said nothing, only kept repeating to himself the words of the Lord Jesus, "It is better to give than to receive."

—Olive Branch.

## SMALL FEET.

Women are mistaken when they suppose a small foot an element of beauty. A foot should bear a just proportion to the figure; if too large it argues coarseness, and gives a heaviness to the manner—the person labors with a cumbersome platform beneath him, which entirely forbids ease and grace of movement. A large foot, however, argues a certain honesty of character. We are sure Andrew had large feet; we know it instinctively when Touchstone interrupts his discourse with the melancholy Jaques to say, "Bear your body more seemingly, Andrew."

Large feet imply stability. A man who is jealous in his temper should marry a woman whose feet are large; such are generally keepers at home, and modest withal—they are not given to gadding—their feet abide in their house.

Large feet are incompatible with genius or the finer shades of character. They have a natural and inveterate planting to the earth, which is not favorable to the flights of fancy, or the delicate observances of sentiment. They are apt to have, also, an uneasy shuff, and what country people call a "cheek" sound, because of their weightiness. Such persons, also, who have large feet, are apt to wear the shoe down at the heel—in other words, to goli-shod—a thing unbecomable and monstrous in such a one, albeit a dainty foot may be very tall, this carelessly sandalled. But the experiment is hazardous to make.

"When swift Camilla crosses the plain," and the country maiden secretly starts the dew from the grass as she "drips" along, we are sure their feet are small, for large feet cannot "trip," and hence when Touchstone says "trip, Andrew trip," we know it is in mockery.

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A small foot indicateth coquetry. Cleopatra's foot must have been small and finely arched, or she would never have done as described by Enobarbus:

"I saw her once Hop lightly pass through the public street—"

No woman, ever did, or would have done like this, but with the consciousness of great perfection in the feet.

Anthony sends her pearls, saying:

"This ring I send to great Cleopatra, This treasure of an offer; at whose feet, To mend the petty present, I will give The opulent throne with kingdoms."

No man alludes to a woman's foot in any way if he loves her, unless it be beautiful.

Hermione, on the contrary, had a firm, well proportioned foot, betokening her majesty. When she enacts the statue scene we are sure she had a well sized foot, is the explanation of Leontes.

A woman will never enact the part of a statue if conscious of an ill foot, unless her intellectuality may have prevented her instincts, as in the case of Madame de Stael, who at one time personated in this way; and Tallandier, if we mistake not, offended her past retrieve, by saying that he knew who it was by the *pedestal* (pedestal), a terrible pun, where the feet and ankle are ill-shaped.

Desdemona, Ophelia and Cornelia must have had long slender feet, which go more with sentiment than with magnetism or genius. Miranda, on the contrary, had a small proportion of feet, worthy the chaste Dina herself. Then, too, Kate, dainty Kate, the sharp shrew, the pretty virgin, had a little arch foot, graceful and elastic as the spring of a tiger. When Petruchio says:

"Why does the world report that Kate doth trip?" it was a delicate commendation of her foot; still more when he says:

"Did I see ever an become a grove As Kate this chamber with her princely gait."

Tennyson hath a delicate eye for a foot when he represents Ida in this wise:

"Among her maidens, higher by the head, Her back against a pillar, her foot on one of those stone steps. Kitten like he rolled And swayed about her ankles."

And again, describing the retinue of the princess climbing the rocks in pursuit of mineral, he says:

"Mour a light foot shone like a jewel set In the dark crag."

Women with large feet never like to climb the hills.

The sentiment of beauty is less in the size than a certain liveness and elasticity. "Light as a fawn," "fleet as the greyhound," "With a step like a plot," are all pretty phrases, indicating the character of the foot, which is the index to the whole woman.

Dress has a great effect upon the foot, and we fear very long dresses demoralize it. The long robe certainly destroys its elasticity. We like to see the foot

"Beneath the petticoat, Peep out like little lions' paws, When she is light."

This was very pretty in a lover who saw his mistress bathing her feet in the brook, and wrote to her:

"Do not fear to put thy feet Naked in the water, Nor tread Upon the flowers that grow there."

The French foot is meagre, narrow and bony; the Spanish small and elegantly curved, thanks to its Moorish blood, corresponding with Castilian pride—"high in the instep." The Arab foot is proverbial for its high arch; "a stream can run under the hollow of his foot," it is a description of its form. The foot of the Scotch is large and thick—that of the Irish fat and square—the English short and fleshy. The American foot is apt to be disproportionately small.

A foot should be arched, fairly rounded, and its length proportioned to the height of the individual. It should have a delicate spring to it as if it did not quite belong to earth, and touched it daintily, if not disdainfully. The ankle should express tenderness—should be round and firm, and not too small.

"I have hurt the wrist of my foot," said a beautiful child, who never misplaced a phrase, because words were given him only as he stood in need of them. Now this pretty phrase, "wrist of my foot," conveys the true idea of an ankle. It should have the grace and flexibility of a wrist, to which it corresponds.

Touching this subject we have often thought it unseemingly when beautiful women go to be newly sandalled, and we see them place their foot so comely upon the knee of the artisan, with the white covering nestling away amid fills and embroidery. We were more convinced of this unseemliness when we read the following lines, sent to the house, together with a pair of delicate gaiters from one of the fashionable shoe stores.

"A little shoe sits up my heart, as tides stir up the ocean, And snow white muslin, when it falls, wakes many a curl on my hair."

All sorts of lady ladies still my feelings as they'd order, But little female gaiter boots are death, and nothing 'shorter."

HAPPINESS.—To watch the corn grow and the blossom; to draw hard breaths over ploughshare or spade; to read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray—these are the things to make man happy; they never will have power to do more. The world's prosperity or adversity depends upon our knowledge and teaching these few things, but upon iron or glass, or electricity, or steam in our midst. And I am Utopian enough and optimistic enough to believe that the time will come when the world will discover this. It has now made its experiments in every possible direction, but the right one; and it seems that it must at last try the right one in a mathematical necessity. It has tried fighting and preaching, and fasting, laying and selling, pomp and parasimony, pride and humiliation—every possible manner of existence in which it could conjecture there was any happiness or dignity; and all the while, as it bought, sold, and fought, and fasted, and weaved itself with politics, and ambition, and self-denials, God had placed its real happiness in the keeping of the little mosses of the wayside and of the clouds of the firmament.

Worth Remembering.

The great secret of avoiding disappointment is not to expect too much. Despair follows immoderate hope, as things fall hardest to the ground that have been nearest to the sky.

## NO TEARS IN HEAVEN.

BY JOHN T. SCHWARTZ.

I met a child, his feet were bare, His weak frame shivered with the cold, His youthful brow was knit with care, His flashing eyes his sorrow told.

"My parents both are dead," he said, "I have nowhere to lay my head; O, I am lone and friendless now! Not friendly, child, a friend on high For you His precious blood has given: Chear up and bid such tears to dry—There are no tears in Heaven!"

I saw a man in life's gay noon, Stood weeping o'er his young bride's bier; "And must we part," he cried, "no more!" As down his cheek they rolled a tear.

"Heart-stricken one," said I, "weep not! Weep not," in accents wild he cried, "That yesterday my loved one died, And shall she be soon forgot?"

Forgotten! Not still let her love Sustain thy heart with anguish tears; Strive thou to meet thy bride above, And dry your tears in Heaven."

I saw a gentle mother weep, As to her throbbing breast she prest An infant, seemingly asleep.

On its kind mother's sheltering breast; "Fair one," said I, "pry weep not! Subdued she, 'The child of my hope I am now called to render up: My babe has reached death's gloomy shore! Young mother, yield no more to grief, Nor be by passion's tempests driven, But find in these words relief, 'There are no tears in Heaven!'"

Poor traveler of life's troubled wave— Can't you be glad, or cheerful by care— There is an arm above you, Yield thou not to all despair, Look upward, murmurer, look ahead. What though the thunder echo loud, The sun shines bright beyond the cloud, Then trust to thy Redeemer's love; Where'er thy lot is laid be cast, Be firm—remember the last, 'There are no tears in Heaven!'"

TO YOUNG MEN.

The following letter from one of the purest philanthropists of the age, to a youth of his acquaintance, is a touching appeal to refrain from a crying evil, which we wish could be made to come home to the heart of every boy in the land.

MY DEAR GEORGE:—I could have kept the other day, when I saw you smoking a cigar. Only fourteen years old, and already at work to poison your body and poison your soul with tobacco! O, this is sad indeed! My dear boy, you see not what is before you. If you did you would fall on your knees, and entreat your Heavenly Father to save you from the wasteful, filthy habit of using tobacco.

Do not excuse yourself by saying that some great and good men use tobacco. The great and good men who do so are in danger of sinking into very little and very wicked men, before they die.

Tobacco and Rum! What twin brothers! What mighty agents of Satan! What a large share of the American people they are destroying! I love my children; and because I love them, I had rather bury them, than see them defile themselves with rum or tobacco.

As Paul said to Timothy, so I say to you: "Keep thyself pure." Be clean in your person, and be clean in your heart. But depend upon it, you can be neither if you use tobacco. Your friend, GEORGE SMITH.

These verses contain a glorious moral. Treasure them up:

"BYE-AND-BYE."

There is a little mischief-making Elf, who is ever, Thwarting every undertaking, And his name is "Bye-and-bye."

When we ought to do this minute, Will be better done, he'll cry, "It's no more we begin it—"

"Put it off!" says "Bye-and-bye."

Those who heed his treacherous wooing, Will his faithless guidance rue, While we always get up doing, Clearly, we shall never do.

We shall never do, we shall never do, If on "Now" we more rely, But unto the realm of "Never," Leads the pilot—"Bye-and-bye."

TRIBUTE TO GENIUS.

Not long ago, George D. Prentice, speaking of the death of a beautiful young lady, said:

"As I stand beside her coffin, something seems to ask me what business have I to linger here when the young and the beautiful are falling around me."

To this, a friend of the departed replied:

"O, touch us not with such pathos again! When thy time comes, lay thee down solemnly and grandly, as befits one whom God has clothed with the light and majesty of genius—but sound no warning of it. Let the pleasure of our intercourse with thee be unalloyed to the last, and the knell of thy departure shake our hearts unalarmed, for we would give thee the full gush of those tears in life, or in the grave."

TEARS.

The tear itself often glows like a diamond on the cheek where the rose and lily blend. Its moral beauty as a perfect duality of compassion and benevolence is still greater. It is thus on the Saviour's cheek at the tomb of Lazarus, and when he wept over Jerusalem. It still shines in his disciples in their mission of mercy. There are, indeed, tears of deceit, like those of the crocodile. Let them pass. None but a fallen angel would gather them up. There are tears of gratitude—of joy. These sparkle like the morning dew.

MAIDS WANT NOTHING BUT HUSBANDS, and then they want everything.

Make choice of your wife by the ears, not by the eyes.

Make no enemies; he is insignificant indeed that can do thee no harm.

Make other men's shipwrecks thy sea-marks.

Manners make a man.

Many come to bring their clothes to church rather than themselves.

Some great genius has discovered that the centre of gravity is in a Quaker's mosting.

A mixture of honey with the purest charcoal will make the teeth as white as snow.

## A NARROW ESCAPE.

At Lowell, Mass., an Assembly hall measuring 100 by 128, was packed to hear a speech from Rufus Choate, when a sound like a cannon discharge startled the crowd, and the floor settled a little. The audience were assured that it was only the spring floor which had given away, that there was no danger, and Mr. Choate went on. Soon another snap was heard, and the floor sank again. The Boston Courier says:

Mr. Choate paused; Mr. Butler shouted that "there was no danger." Others gave similar assurances; but the men were restive. The ladies alone were composed.

Mr. Whipple attempted to make himself heard, but could not; Mr. Choate came to his assistance. He urged the gentlemen to be calm and firm; that an inspection of the building, thorough and satisfactory, would be made; and if the place was not deemed safe, an orderly adjournment would be had at once.

Mr. Butler stated that he would go below, and endeavor to ascertain the true state of things.

Notwithstanding the threatening aspect of affairs—the floor settled at least six inches in the centre of the hall—not more than a thousand men withdrew; such was the desire to enjoy in full the "feast of reason." There was some commotion in the ladies' gallery, and a movement, but confidence was restored, and for ten minutes general quiet was restored, on the part of all.

Mr. Butler returned, and said: "Gentlemen, although I have full confidence in the strength of this floor, although I am persuaded there is no danger, yet such is the state of feelings here, I think we had better adjourn. But let there be no stampede; retire in order."

In less than five minutes the hall was empty, and all escaped without accident and harm.

And now let me say there was danger—imminent and awful. Mr. Butler, though he disguised his fears, entered the hall, never expecting to leave it alive; and to his firmness and intrepidity credit should be given for the preservation of that great concourse of men and women. He discovered, with Mr. Rand, that the floor had yielded perceptibly, that the noise which so alarmed all was the snapping of the iron fastenings and supports; that if the audience was not soon removed, the floor and perhaps the side walls, would soon come down. He discovered that certain timbers and joists upon which the floor rested had given way and that the ceiling of the depot beneath was opening and threatening.

But the audience retired in order and without accident. The gentlemen on the platform were of the last to leave. Mr. Choate, while passing to the door, for the first time seemed to indicate by expression, a realization of the danger which overhung us. The floor actually sank under him two or three inches, and he was heard to remark, "This is going," but he retained his self-possession and walked on.

"Trust the plain and positive promise when you cannot see through the dark clouds of Providence. The present gloomy night may terminate in a bright and glorious morning."

## KESSLER &amp; Co.,

RESPECTFULLY announce to the citizens of Fremont, and vicinity, that they have just opened at the stand formerly occupied by Mr. A. L. Hatfield as a Jewelry Store, a new stock of

Groceries, Provisions, and Flour!

Which we offer at Wholesale or Retail, at the lowest rates. Fresh, Fat, Bacon, Beans, Cakes, Cakes, Pickles, &c., every day. Families or Grocers supplied on liberal terms, and at short notice.

Amongst our Stock may be found a full supply of every article called for in our line, such as Green and Black Tea; Rice and Java Coffee; Sugar, Raisins, Currants, Prunes, and all other goods.

Those who wish to purchase on credit, will find us always ready to do so, on liberal terms.

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